Story

Gucci Mane & Young Dolph

I got 25 pipes in my book bag
25 ounces of that OG gag
I got a mouthful of y'all niggas OG bag
And I'ma paper round 1 and y'all not fed
I got the pretty ice glass with the dragons
I made a half of mil made out of fan kits
And I still get the dough to your daddy
Coming on 'cause you know I fuck your mamy
26 is great 8 with the headbag
Can't hear from your mama what a G bag
Red 4's on already black bentley
Crib blue forging lookin just like pentley
On way nigga but I rhyme on the schemeless
Just hit a lick so I'm finna spend plenty
Pop up in the club I ain't thought up in the 20
I at least made 20 mil on I 20
20 year old, hit 20 fucking licks
30 years old Gucci 20 year old bitch
Acting roze at 30 years old
Suicide dogs, I don't wanna die bitch
Got a call from my niggas said daddy what a bleach
Tell me where you wanna come that's where he will be
Pillow with a mac 11 rding for the fresh
And a nigga gon jump me, a nigga gon jump
(2)
Just got a call and my dog got some steady
Get the car keys and the chopper's out the alley
This the part of the game where shit gets tragic
Nigga say he got problem, we gotta let him have it
All a couple AK's and a couple cars
With my dog been robbin' now we got a couple problems
He wrong or he right, bitch we shoot on sight
Burn your man's house down the next morning catch a flight
Check 'em out her hope he told his family good night
Out in Vegas partying like it ain't shit happened
Out here fucking with these bitches tryin to see what happenin
I hate bitch ass niggas with a passion
I had to leave ain't got time for no question asking
Feet kicked up smoking and relaxing

Shoot a nigga ass out, John Paxen

(3)

I'm the type of nigga will shoot you in public
Rather to a nigga that I robbed in the public
I said I heard you lookin for me and he try to change the subject
Had that pussy in my breeze said he thought I went epic
Up in told all day riding through the public
Somebody called the police 'cause they thought I was gonna bust them
I ain't get shit bad that is not out for discussion
They say the nose on 6 boys had to be trusted
But love ever take you there and pull up in the cullies
If your nigga had a roast then the pussy nigga lucky
I might pull up in a Rolls Royce and pull up in a bucket
Ye I rob your home boy but I ain't motherfucking ducking
If you see me in the club better keep on trucking
'Cause these niggas on the fuck shit and they ain't with the fuck around
Got a pistol with you dog and here it's the crystal
Matter of fact 2 pistols can't let you get the pistol
You made it I was 8 when I first learned to wrestle
I was bind on cook, man those fuckers was catching
Get silly squick, man the law he was blessing
Got a car and then a tec got a whole lot of weaponry
How the bed how the dough where I go off the extasy
Can't pull a move maybe nigga was finessing
But I broke off and got it bigger on professionally
Then my first second mil put that pussy along that massacre

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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